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THE REMONSTRANCE:

A POEM, &c.

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REMONSTRANCE.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
30 MAY 88

THE REMONSTRANCE.

A POEM,

TO

His G**** ****

THE

D*** of D******

LONDON: Printed. And,
DUBLIN Re-printed in the Year MDCCXXXII.

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 MAY 66

TO THE READER.

AS the following Poem is printed with ſome Variations from the *Engliſh* Edition, in the Title Page, Inſcription, and other Parts of it, I think it neceſſary to ſubjoin the following Letter, wherein I had it inclos'd from my Correſpondent in *London*.

SIR,

'THE inclos'd Poem has been lately publiſhed here, 'and, as I am inform'd, from a haſty incorrect Co-'py, which the Author had ſent to one of his Friends, with 'no other Deſign than to be peruſed by him. I am aſſur'd, 'the Title Page and Inſcription have, with Reſpect to the 'Place and Patron, no other Foundation than the Publiſher's 'Conjecture, ariſing from the following Lines in the Poem.

Thy Muſe-lov'd Name, ſhould then our Bards engage,
And prove their Centre of Poetic Rage.

'But, as the Author ſeems to place himſelf at a diſtant Si-'tuation from *Europe* by the following Line,

Now thou behold'ſt the Fears of *Europe* ceaſe.

'It is believed, the Poem has been written with a Proſpect 'to one of the Weſtern Iſlands, or Plantations in *America*, 'and by one of the learned Adventurers, who return'd late-'ly from that Quarter.'

THE

THE

Remonſtrance, &c.

WHILE, D****! here you Prop our
falling State,
Enforce her Laws, and form *H**'s
Fate;
While you project our Intereſt, Fame and Eaſe,
And rule with Candour, as with Grace you pleaſe
Indulge the *Muſe*, nor wonder ſhe complains,
Where Folly, Guilt and Dulneſs damp her Strains

Long hath ſhe ſlumber'd in the ſilent Shade,
Scarce try'd her Voice, or but in Dreams eſſay'd;
Long hath ſhe hop'd, and as it were by Stealth,
View'd the dim Gleams of Freedom, Senſe and
Wealth: Bu

But now no longer ev'n thoſe Gleams diſplay,
The growing Dawn, or faint Remains of Day.
Black, ling'ring Clouds involve her all around,
Obſtruct her Proſpects, and her Hopes confound;
And form beneath a dark and dreary Haunt,
For Sloath, Fear, Bondage, Ignorance and Want.

Hence fir'd to Rage at our degenerate Race,
Whom foreign Laws and home-bred Crimes debaſe;
Fain wou'd ſhe drive our drowzy Fogs away,
Burſt through the Gloom, and pour in all the Day;
Shew how Mankind, ordain'd by Nature free,
Knew no Reſtraint, Dominion or Degree;
But as Diſtinction, Pow'r and Pride began,
True *Freedom* fled, and Man grew Slave to Man.
How haughty *Nymrods* ſprung above the reſt,
Dominion claim'd, and as they claim'd, oppreſs'd;
And fierce and frantick with imperial Sway,
Their Crimes made them, and they the World their Prey.
How *Vermin* grop'd and crawl'd up into State,
And private Envy flam'd to publick Hate.

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How

How Glare and Grandeur lur'd the *Weak* and
Vain,
To barter Freedom for the Shade of Gain;
How *Slav'ry* ſunk us to a meaner Kind,
Deprav'd the Heart, and numb'd and warp'd the
Mind.
How dire *Enthuſiaſts* then like *Dæmons* roſe,
To Scourge our Crimes, and irritate our Woes;
Abandon'd Virtue for fantaſtic Vice,
For Viſion Truth, and Reaſon for Caprice.
Frail, like themſelves, their varying Godheads
fram'd,
Vain, Jealous, Raſh, with Wrath and Pride in-
flam'd;
How blameleſs Kine to ſacrifice they bore,
Then drench'd their Altars with their *Children*'s
Gore.
With gradual Zeal their barb'rous Worſhip rais'd,
And angry Gods with ſuff'ring Gods appeas'd;
How thence their Fervour, with cool Fraud they
laid
By ſolid Gain, not airy Phantoms ſway'd;

Amaz'

Amaz'd the Croud with viſionary Schemes,
And drew in Tyrants to revere their Dreams.
Taught *Thoſe* their Duty to be *Slaves* and *blind*,
Theſe uncontroul'd, to *rack* and *ſlay* Mankind;
And judg'd them impious as the Fiends below
Who dar'd be *Free*, or who preſum'd to *Know*.
How thence provok'd, Self-conſcious, Wiſe and Brave,
Forth *Heroes* ſprung, who ſcorn'd the Name of *Slave*;
Shook off their Chains, and, as by Heav'n deſign'd,
To cruſh the Proud, and vindicate Mankind,
Sought Laws and Truth, and in their glorious Chaſe,
Pull'd Tyrants down, and freed their captive Race.

Such were the Chiefs, whom *Greece* and *Rome* of old,
Among the Saviours of Mankind inroll'd.

Cæleſtial

Celeſtial Chiefs! who conquer'd to beſtow
Laws, Learning, Truth, and Freedom on the Foe.
And ſuch thoſe Sons of *Britain*, who reſtrain
The Rage and Rapine of each Tyrant's Reign;
Depoſe Oppreſſion, and aſſert the Cauſe
Of injur'd States, and violated Laws.

Thrice happy *Britons!* whom your Sov'reign guides,
And like a Parent cheriſhes and chides:
Fond as Supreme, he never leaves your Throne,
Nor truſts your Fate but to himſelf alone,
And like a God, no other Pleaſure knows,
Than what from Juſtice and from Glory flows.

O Thou! who govern'ſt with that Godlike Mind,
And toil'ſt unweary'd to redeem Mankind;
Whoſe Aid and Influence reach as far as glows
The bright Horizon, or as Ocean flows;
Now Thou behold'ſt the Fears of *Europe* ceaſe,
And her dark Leagues all brighten'd into Peace;

Through

Through diſtant Worlds thy ſailing Terrors reign,
And ſpread and ſwell thy Glory and thy Gain;
From foreign States avert thy Cares a-while,
And look propitious on this ſinking Iſle.

See venal Sl---s, and high-born Idiots ſent,
To what the Vulgar call our ——.
See publick L—s from private Rancour drawn,
And Pride and Ignorance uſurp the L—n;
True Worth unheeded, ſpecious Guilt in Place,
Faith ſunk to Craft, and Patriots in Diſgrace.
Hence ſtupid Sermons, and as ſtupid Strains,
Debaſe our Bar, our S-n-te, and our Fanes;
Hence Folly, Pride and Avarice prevail,
And mean Oppreſſions rage in ev'ry Vale;
Zeal without Virtue, without Wealth Expence,
Contempt of Learning and diſuſe of Senſe.
The Muſe unheard, and (Oh eternal Shame!)
SWIFT unrewarded——but by Heav'n and
Fame.

See farther yet our Induſtry oppos'd,
Our Plains unbounded and our Harbours clos'd;
Our Wants enlarg'd, our Liberties reſtrain'd,
Our Debts augmented, and our Treaſures drain'd.
Ev'n the laſt ſqueezing of our Vitals ſpent,
No Cure attempted —— and our Fools content.
Fools tamely temper'd for a T——'s Rod,
And only daring to provoke their God.

O thou, fam'd Guardian of the *Wiſe* and *Brave*,
Who ſcorn'ſt alike the *Tyrant* and the *Slave*,
Reverſe this Scene, nor let thy Foes relate,
Thou wield'ſt thy Sceptre o'er a ſervile State.
O'er Men not Slaves the Hero deigns to Reign,
And greatly Frees or Spurns an abject Train.
'Tis thine to Succour, as to rule this Iſle,
Diſpel her Gloom and make her Deſerts Smile;
To bid her Sons, her drowzy Sons be Free,
And riſe up worthier of their *God* and *Thee*.

Here *Freedom* then, and *Indaſtry* ſhall reign,
And ſhare the Tributes of thy ſubject Main;
Bold ſtubborn Mounds contract wide whelming
Floods,
And Harbours Wonder at their floating Woods;
Huge lab'ring Hills diſcloſe rich Beds of Ore,
And *India* breathe ſweet Odours on our Shore;
Dark craggy Waſtes conceal their hungry Rocks;
And bloom to Verdure for their ſportive
Flocks;
Vales ſmile with Fruitage, and the *Dryad* Train
Protect at once, and dignify the Plain.
Gay Villas riſe, fierce Torrents ſmoothly flow,
Fens dry to Meads, and clearer Æther glow.
A Love and Taſte of Sciences and Art,
Dilate the Soul, and ſooth and ſwell the Heart.
True *Wiſdom* riſe and with her genuine Light,
Drown the falſe Rays of *Prejudice* and *Might*.
Unfold the Mazes of myſterious Things,
And trace their Progreſs from their latent Springs:

Or

Or pondering o'er Eternity, Survey
The calm Irradiance of celestial Day.
Indear *Religion* and promote her Cause
With Love not Rage, with Argument not Laws.

Saints, Sages, Bards, *H****** then might claim,
Resume her Splendor, and assert her Fame;
Bright o'er her Sons thy gen'rous Rays diffuse,
And with thy Glory rouze the slumb'ring Muse.
The Muse, enlivening at the Theme, rejoice,
Renounce her Silence, and attune her Voice;
Wide as thy fam'd Benevolence extend
Her Views, and arduous, like thy Soul, ascend.
Thy great Example lift our wond'ring Youth,
To Love of Glory and a Zeal for Truth;
Inspire each Virtue, prompt the *Hero*'s Rage,
Confirm the *Patriot*, and exalt the *Sage*.
So from crude *Chaos*, when th' all-forming Mind,
For future Man a future World design'd;
Suns, Air, Earth, Ocean instant at his Nod,
Sprung forth refulgent, and affirm'd the God.

Tir'd

Fir'd into Raptures at that God-like Spring,
Whence Freedom flows, and all that Bliſs can bring;
The Muſe, undaunted, would contemn her Plaints,
Tow'r into Truth, and bound o'er all Reſtraints;
Pierce the black Schemes, and dark Intrigues of State,
And trace the Cauſes of our adverſe Fate.
Why rent in Parties, thro' fantaſtic Zeal,
We graſp at Shades, and ſlight the Publick Weal;
At Home why flatter'd, and Abroad decry'd,
Why bound by thoſe, who free the World beſide?

But, ah no more!——'tis, *D****!* thine to dwell
On Truths too daring for the Muſe to tell;
Sound the deep Springs, whence all our Evils flow,
Suſpend our Bondage, and aſſwage our Woe.

Our

Our gracious Chief, intruſts our Cauſe to Thee,
And ſeeks to ſoften what our Fates decree.
What e'er he wills thy Guardian Hand deſigns,
And all the *Sov'reign* in the *Vice-Roy* ſhines.
So when the Sun withdraws his Noon-day Blaze,
He gilds our Æther with reflected Rays;
Forth glows the Regent of the Night, and ſheds
Her gleamy Radiance on our ſilent Heads;
Her glitt'ring Trains around in Myriads play;
We gaze, admire, nor mourn the abſent Day.

Oh! would that Sun a genial Warmth impart,
And chaſe our Vapours with each bright'ning Art;
Thy Taſte, as now, ſhould here in Ages hence,
Refine our Genius and improve our Senſe,
Our Sons ſhould then, in breathing Marble, trace
Thy Port, thy Stature and ſuperiour Grace;
Engrave thy Virtues in their Rolls of Fame,
Nor *Envy* thence, nor *Time* eraze thy Name;
Thy Muſe-lov'd Name ſhould then our Bards engage,
And prove their Centre of poetic Rage.

Some

Some ſhould thy Labours for our Weal diſcloſe,
And ſome thy Meltings at our publick Woes.
But, ah! what Numbers ſhould unfold thy Mind,
So fraught with Science, and with Art refin'd;
Refound thy Praiſe, nor Strains unworthy ſing,
Of ſuch a *Vice-Roy* ſent by ſuch a *King*.
Bold *Atlas* ſo, that Gyant Mountain, rears
His tow'ring Front amid ten Thouſand Spheres:
The Spheres with Wonder, pour forth Stream of Light,
O'er his vaſt Shoulders, and ſtupendous Height;
And ſhew the Gods, ſtill blazing and unſpent,
Th' eternal Baſis of their Firmament.

F I N I S.

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